



Taylor fund

Æsop at Westminster,

O R,

A Tale of the Jack-Daws.

A Cook, who once, had for his Guest,
Prepar'd a great and noble Feast :
Consisting (not to Name each Dish)
Of *Pyes*, and *Puddings*, *Fowls* and *Fish* ;
Ragou's, and *Dainties*, Boil'd and Roast,
To Treat 'em (at the Publick Cost.)
But that's not much, Sirs, to the purpose,
I think to tell you of the Stir first :
Which from their private Clamour rose,
'Tis well they did'nt fall to Blows :)
For now, as they already stood,
The Dresser on, in reaking Mood ;
Just fit to be serv'd up to Table,
There suddenly arose a Squabble.
Each for Precedence held Contest,
Which as the antient'st Dish and Best.

Plumb-Pudding with the *Plain* fell out,
And for his Birth-right stood up stout ;
He said he was more Fam'd than he,
And claim'd his antient Dignity.
The *Beef* and *Carrots* that stood next,
Was with his Neighbour's *Mutton* vext.

To think he durst aspire so high,
 With him to vye Precedency:
 I am, as 'tis well known, says he,
 The Type of Hospitality.
 In antient Rolls preferr'd I've stood,
 E'er since the Days of *Noah's Flood*:
 Whilst noblest Feasts I still do grace,
 And for the *King of Dishes* pass.
Calves-Head and Bacon, said he knew,
 Some that deserv'd Precedence too:
 And in most humble sort explain'd,
 When he the Prince of Dishes reign'd:
 Hoping again to have his Station,
 For that some learned Cook's o'th' Nation,
 Wou'd tak't into Consideration.
 At which *Scotch Scollops* 'gain to Jump,
 And whisper'd to his Neighbour *Rump*;
 Say'ng some such Thing indeed may be,
 If Beef and Pudding disagree,
 'Twill make good Times for you and me.
Ragou's, and *Frigasies*, to Words,
 Fell with the *Snipes* and other Birds;
 The Woodcock, Partridge, Duck and Teal,
 The Lamb and Venison, with the Veal.
 Nay; this dang'rous Tumult went yet farther,
 The Tarts and Cheescakes in the Larder;
 The Jellies, Sweetmeats, Custard, Flawn,
 Were by this time at *Daggers Drawn*.
 So that it seem'd to Men of Sence,
 To be of dan'rous Consequence.
 The Cook by this Time coming in,
 Both Fire-hot, and with the Spleen,
 Did to these Mutineers begin.

Are you not all d——d Fools, says he,
 To wrangle thus and disagree:
 Nothing, so to make a Splutter.

And

And you must all be serv'd to th' Board,
 That who goes first, or's first devour'd,
 Does hardly signifie a T——d;
 Only that Custom, (which I try will)
 May be preserv'd, 't shall be as I will.
 But first I'll tell ye, Sirs, a Story,
 Agreeing with the Case before me.

The Tale of the Jack-Daws.

*W*hen Birds and Beasts, as I have heard,
 Fell out, and on each other War'd :
 That dubious 'twas with which to Side,
 But wisely to run with the Tide.
 Jack-Daw, who built on Steeples top
 His Nest, and there had been brought up :
 Once perch'd upon the Pinnacle,
 And there to Preaching went Pell-Mell :
 To the whole Parish loudly calling,
 as if the Steeple had been falling.
 At which the Vestry being rais'd,
 Some curs'd the Jack-Daw, others prais'd.
 And while they were debating, how
 To punish him by course of Law ;
 His cawing Brethren gather'd sound,
 As if they wou'd to Battle sound ;
 And bid them touch him for their Ears,
 They ought to try him by his P——s.
 For that it being Ecclesiastick,
 They thought themselves were for the Case fit.
 A late Church-warden too, who bore
 The Daw, a kindness heretofore,
 Mov'd one sage Point, which if adher'd to,
 And brought him off both fair and clear to :
 But all in vain they call'd 'em Fools,
 Nor wou'd depart from ancient Rules.
 From whence I do this Inference draw,
 I'll make my Will here pass for Law :

(4)

*So calling to the Waiters, they
E'en serv'd 'em up the ancient way.*

M O R A L.

THus each might his own Merit boast, }
But 'twas the Cook that rul'd the Roast.
When Fools falls out they know not why,
And higher than their Reason fly :
Pretend for Rules to give their Sense,
Of Doctrine, and of Governments.
'Tis just as wise as when the Meat,
Which then was going to be Eat,
Began to Mutiny and Prate. }
When all they said, to take the whole,
The Cook did ~~one~~ Breath controul.
So they who dare the H—— upbraid,
And blame 'em for Impeachments laid :
Prescribe 'em Methods to Chastise,
In ev'ry Point are just as Wise,
And for the Burthen of their Songs,
Might e'en as well too hold their Tongues.

F I N I S.